

The Vengeance of Montmorency.

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who accompanied him, and drank in enjoyment in sunny Italy. "Exterminate the vermin," growled Montmorency, hardened by his experience in Provence, which he formerly laid waste to arrest the progress of the Imperialists. "People the country with a more loyal population. With a few hundreds of these veterans hardened in Italian warfare, and a few hundred more German landsknechts, I could root them out ever so expeditiously to your majesty's entire satisfaction." So Montmorency. Henry, though angry, was not cruel. He did not rise to the occasion, and contented himself with despatching Montmorency from Lyons, and Francis of Guise, eldest son of Duke Claude, and at this period Duke of Aumale, at the head of two detachments, to punish the rebels, with instructions to eschew pillage and perpetrate no cruelties. The Constable took the road to Toulouse, Aumale to Poitiers, scattering the peasantry by the very report of their advance, and subsequently joining near Pujols, between the Garonne and the Dordogne, preliminary to attacking Bordeaux. The crestfallen citizens strove to disarm the animosity of the Constable by sending a ship, bearing his arms and gorgeously furnished, to bring him to the town. The Constable was too eager for vengeance to be mollified by this act of courtesy, or moved by the harangue of the orator of the citizen deputation. He would not, he growled, enter by gate or harbour, for he had in his train (twenty pieces of artillery) wherewith to open him a door. He took indeed a terrible revenge, oblivious of the royal instructions. A veritable reign of terror followed his entry as unchallenged conqueror. The most horrible tortures were meted out with a relentless hand. "More than a hundred and forty persons suffered terrible deaths," wrote an eye-witness, some being hanged, others decapitated, broken on the wheel, impaled, torn in pieces by four horses, burned, while three were treated to a new sort of torture, being malleted, or smashed by an iron club into a pulp, and then thrown into the fire, the executioner finishing his bloody work with the exclamation, "Go, you mad *canaille*^ roast the fish of the Charente, which you have salted with the bodies of the officers of your king and sovereign lord." By the Constable's command the body of Moneins was disinterred, and carried by the town councillors, followed by the